

Master P, Stop Hatin

Chorus:

Look at all these haters surrounding me every day
Hatin on a baller but they can't stop my pay
Stop all the hatin i can't take it no more
Im just tryin to get mine you best get yours so what you hatin for

Verse 1: master p

Pop the lock on the benz with the keys
To high to see his own enemies
His baby mama with him in a short skirt
His last ride was in a car, i mean a black hearse
His friend took his life for the mighty dollar
Then ran through the alley must have been a coward
No more hit 'em up like in the old days
Homies scrab with mack 10s and aks
That's why i roll by myself i mean i'm a loner
Cause haters be all up on me
Tryin to sniff you out for your cheddar and your cheese
And the same niggas wanna blow on your weed
Set you up for a caper
Dont wanna see you make no money then take ya
Gotta figure out how to get what you got
Cause haters be the same niggas on the spot

Chorus

Verse 2: master p

How do hatin get started?
It started by the jealous people
And they get mad over the things you have
And the things they'll never have
Tell me if you hustle it really aint hard to get
You can get yours i got mine so stay out my mix
I heard you spreading rumors
Im really not impressed
I tell you only one time
With my scrilla fool dont mess

Verse 3: fiend

I only get with a few cause these bitch made niggas is actors
See i dont had to many gun-ins, run-ins with these ass backwards
Non-packers
I'm strapped like p
Or c
They ask for me
Capture me
But im going out with a blast
I put that on some cash
I'm standing last
For some ass
Yall young crazed punks are trippin
Dont hate me nigga just go ahead and credit my ??
I'm admitting
That i'm not only on the thwat
But i know i got stopped
On tha ??
And its understood that i'm not
One of the best niggas that ever lived
But i got some advice to give
And that is

Chorus

Verse 4: silkk

I wonder why they hatin for? probably cause we got g's,
Mad cause we makin moves, cause we got keys
But really i cant fade them
Cause truly you need haters up on you to know you'se a motherfuckin playa
I know yall gonna kill me in a matter of lies
I got friend that will turn to enemies in a matter of time
I know most of my niggas can feel me
When i say tru niggas will never try to kill me
But keep my eyes up on my enemies i gotta watch my friends
Like when i'm sittin on top or ridin in a benz
Why dont yall go out yall's ass up and get something
Dont worry about how i got mines
Always tryin to point a finger and say thats not mine.
And kill me
It kills me
Its digusting cause i got a few g's
They try to rob me
But they know they wont touch me
Smile in your face and talk shit behind your back
But i just cant call it or catch
But i still got g's and im still ballin

Chorus till fade

(master p)

Wassup big brandon and big timer
Wassup underwood california we cant lose
Wassup to all my boys in richmond
All my boys in the caliope
All my boys locked down in jail
This master p no limit records
(wassup big boz)
Dalastdon
(wassup mean green)
We cant be stopped
I mean you player haters cant stop real tru playas
Even though you still hate you cant stop playas
(beats by the pound)
Wassup to all the players out there in new orleansas
(wassup to my little brother silkk)
Texas (c murder)
Atlanta (wassup fiend)
Chicago (wassup mystikal fool know you bout to drop real soon)
Cleveland, kentucky, alabama
(wassup to big mama mia x)
All them playas out there
California (mr. serv on)
East coast (sonya c)
Mid west, down south
And anybody i forgot if you a real playa you'll understand
(wassup foxy brown)
Yeah we did that party don't stop
Ah ha
Playas lookin up baby